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Theodore Bayard Romeyn.

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Theodore D. Romeyn

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A Memorial

OF

Theodore Bayard Romeyn, D. D.,

LATE PASTOR

OF THE

First Reformed (Dutch) Church,

HACKENSACK, N. J.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Portions of the Biography of Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., are given in the following addresses, but a statement somewhat more full may not be out of place, in concise form, as an introduction to this memorial.

Theodore Bayard Romeyn, was born in Nassau, Rensselær County, New York, October 22d, 1827. His parents were the Reverend James Romeyn and Joanna Bayard Rodgers, daughter of Dr. John Richardson Bayard Rodgers, of New York City, who "was distinguished for his benevolence and high christian character, and who was for many years the leading physician in the city, and a professor in Columbia College."

He attended schools at Hackensack, N. J., and Catskill, Galway, Amsterdam and Kinderhook, N. Y. In the autumn of 1843, he (together with his only brother, James Rodgers Romeyn) entered the Sophomore class in Rutgers College, and graduated in 1846, with the distinction of the "*Honorary Oration.*"

During his Senior year he had made a public profession of Christ, and united with his father's church,

at Bergen Point, N. J. His determination was immediately made to enter the ministry.

In the autumn of 1846 he was received into the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, where he pursued the regular course of study during three years.

In all these preparatory years of study, he was distinguished by close application, quick perception, and broad comprehension. He was an earnest student, much esteemed by his professors. His moral and christian character always shone out clearly. His sense of honor was high. He was remarkably outspoken, but always sincere and generous. He was a faithful friend, and therefore the friendships of his student days clung to him through all his life.

During his seminary course he received the prize for an essay on missions.

He was licensed by the Classis of Bergen in 1849, and soon after was ordained, and installed pastor of the Reformed Church of Blawenburg, N. J. Here he remained nearly sixteen years. The appreciation of his excellent service there is indicated by the draped pulpit, and resolutions of affectionate memory adopted by the consistory when tidings of his death were received, although it was more than twenty years since he had left them.

In the year 1865 he accepted a call to become pastor of the Reformed Church in Hackensack, N. J. It was an ancestral church. He had been preceded in that pastorate by three generations of his family. His father had been pastor from 1833 to 1836. His grandfather, Rev. James V. C. Romeyn, from 1799

to 1834; and the Rev. Dr. Theodoric Romeyn, brother of his great-uncle Rev. Thomas Romeyn, Senior, had been pastor from 1775 to 1784. Thus, his own ministry of twenty years completed a total of almost seventy years of a family pastorate in that church within a period of little more than a century. It is also worth a passing notice to observe the large ministerial circle of which he was a member by family ties. His maternal great-grandfather was Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, who was forty-four years pastor of the Wall street Presbyterian Church in New York city, and the Moderator of the first General Assembly in 1789. His paternal grandmother was a sister of Rev. Nicholas Van Vranken. In these several branches of relationship, there are found nearly or quite forty names of those who have devoted themselves to the ministry of the Gospel; and of this number three-quarters of all belong to the Romeyn family.

Connected with such remarkable relationships in the service of God's house, and entering on a pastorate so tender in its personal history, he devoted himself with all his powers of mind, and heart, and body to the work of his Lord. How well that work was performed is partially declared in the following addresses, delivered at his funeral to a throng greater than the venerable church could contain, among whom were forty ministers of the Gospel.

There is also precious testimony in the resolutions of his consistories, classis, Sabbath-school and other bodies, and in the voice of the public press, herewith presented to his friends.

To all this may be added, that Dr. Romeyn was

exceedingly blessed in his domestic relations. He was married June 11, 1850, to Amelia A., daughter of Johnson Letson, of New Brunswick, N. J. She survives him, with their only son, James A. Romeyn, who is engaged in the practice of law in Jersey City, New Jersey.

ADDRESS

OF

REV. WILLIAM Y. Y. MABON, D.D.

ADDRESS

OF

REV. WM. V. V. MABON, D. D.

In all ages the funeral rites have been the expression of the faith, the affection, and the devotion of survivors. The mound and the tombstone are monuments erected by memory, to locate what is left to us of the loved and the lost; while the gathering from near and far of their associates in blood and in the pursuits of life, denotes the extent of a common feeling of loss and grief.

What was customary among the ancient peoples, whether Jew or pagan, is common also to Christians. Although not sorrowing "as those who are without hope; but believing, that those also who sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him;" nevertheless, we mourn for our believing associates, with signal expressions of our hope of a reunion with them, accompanied by submission to God; by whom not only the days of our pilgrimage, "but the hairs of our head are numbered." Like Jesus, we weep at the graves of our friends; and like Martha, we exclaim: we "know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day."

Whenever one falls by our side in the battle, the event is impressive. It comes so near; it occurs so suddenly, it would seem to give to the Divine Providence a meaning and an emphasis adequate to so decisive an event. It would seem that God in His commission to the angel Death had said: "Go, now, and strike; so that men may feel. And speak, so that even the deaf may hear. Single out some shining mark upon whom the eyes of many, old and young, and middle-aged, and of every class, are fixed; and choose some moment when every eye is looking out as for one who for a season had been away and was, with a sense of longing, expected back. Let him be in his prime—in the fulness of his relations; of his usefulness, and of his accomplishments. Let him be a husband, a father, a brother; a friend, a christian, a shepherd of the flock; a counsellor to the people; a helper to the poor, and a ruler in the house of God. In a moment, let his eloquent voice be stifled; his hand palsied; his eyes set, and his account closed. Let those who are to see him, behold him prostrate in the coffin, in place of erect and instinct with the magnetism of the pulpit; arrayed in the winding-sheet, instead of the prophet's mantle. And as one and another shall ask, 'Why is this?' Say. 'Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted in the earth. Be ye also ready; for at such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh.'"

After a well-tried service given to this church for twenty years—in joy and grief; "in weariness and painfulness," as the Apostle says—the Consistory had voted him a special vacation of six weeks. On the 19th

of July, he preached in the morning what proved to be his last sermon before this people; a suggestive discourse from 2d John, verse 8: "Look to yourselves, that we lose not those things which we have wrought; but that we receive a full reward." Was not that a well considered exhortation, after a twenty years service, on the eve of a separation, however briefly purposed, yet liable to be perpetual! See the shepherd's care of the flock; and the sense of responsibility abiding after the work was done!

We are glad to have heard that he fully enjoyed every day of his vacation, beside the solemn sea, and afterward upon the mountains. There he met many friends—the friends of a lifetime; of his childhood, and of his parents. His family were at his side How happy his relations! Twenty years of a successful ministry accomplished: his family circle completed by the acquisition of a daughter, in the person of the valued wife of his only son: his companion-in-life, now for sometime restored to health, to associated labor in the congregation, and to a share in the restful influence of a change among familiar faces, and scenes, which had often been visited in earlier and happy days; for so it is, that, under the magic spell of memory, we forget the clouds, and rain, and hardship of past travel, and re-produce almost solely for ourselves the sunshine, and the smiles, and the rest of our old-time sojourn from place to place. Even the Lord said to His disciples, "Come, and let us go into a desert place and rest awhile." And now, to us it is a comfort that this hard-worked servant of God had more than a few "drops of reviving in the bond-

age" of his appointed service ; and that he had known nothing but pleasure in his brief six weeks absence, broken but once by a recall to a burial and marriage service in the parish.

Among the mountains, he was, like Moses, looking beyond to the Promised Land ; for he said, "I have gotten the materials of four sermons ;" and afterwards, in his message to the church, on the morning of the 29th of August, he said, "I have come down from the mountains, and now I go up into the mount of God."

His friends know that, during many years of an active and faithful ministry he was encompassed with much physical weakness, such as is often wont to be discredited when associated with the mental vigor which sustains and subjects the suffering body. But when the taking off occurred, it was no surprise to him. We all were startled by the invitation to this reception for the dead. We knew not what to think, when only just yesterday we had seen him back again, moving with renewed vigor among us. We were literally electrified by the announcement of his decease within fifteen hours of his return ; but, the event was no surprise, no grief to him—no grief, because he was assured of the "gains of death," and exempted both from the lingering pains of a tardy decline and from the shadow of another and an uncertain visitation ; and no surprise, because, "the Lord God will do nothing but He revealeth to His servants, the prophets." And when, at six o'clock, A. M., his son responded to his father's cry, the father said : "*It has come*," that had come which was expected.

He knew the token, with unerring certainty, for not many minutes passed before the hand was limp, the speech thick, and the eyes in succession set.

He died in the harness. His vacation was in the interests of his church. The interests of the church and of the minister are identical. What was for his good was for their good—and in a greater measure. Therefore, for them he got those mountain views of truth; and on his study table lies the unfinished Sunday sermon from Isaiah, 53d chapter and 5th verse—"The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." Here is substitution—here is sacrifice. Although no man's sacrifice for another can be compared to the sacrifice of Christ for us, yet all of us undergo for one another a relative sacrifice, and a relative substitution. In dying in the harness, he was happy. Now, all is secure; no fall possible—clean escaped from the perils of age, and from the difficulties of a descent from the high points of action, and service, and liberty. And now, when you look at that coffin, you see a man who died at his post, after having lived on a very high plane: faithful in his study, faithful as a pastor, faithful to the congregation, faithful to individuals, with no one to report to but his classis, his conscience, and his God; through storm and sunshine, domestic sickness and personal suffering; never taking a full vacation, nor seeking worldly pleasure or ecclesiastical advancement, but persisting for thirty-six years in the service of that invisible taskmaster, who is cognizant alone of that fidelity which men can never exact, secure or reward; and says, "I know thy work, and thy labor,

and thy patience; and how thou canst not bear them which are evil, and hast borne, and hast patience, and for my name's sake hast not fainted."

Why did he thus stoutly hold the fort? Why so patiently carry this people to the last upon his heart? The answer is, that, the message of the Gospel may neither remain unspoken, nor be unheeded with impunity by those to whom it is sent. "No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, as was Aaron." "Necessity was laid" on him: a necessity which was not a physical compulsion, but a voluntary service, resulting from the continual recognition of his ordination vows.

It is known to many of you that his father, Rev. James Romeyn, was the pastor of this church for three years, from 1833 to 1836, and his father's father, Rev. James V. C. Romeyn, pastor of the same church, from 1799 to 1833. His great-grandfather, Rev. Thomas Romeyn, was the minister of several churches in the Delaware and Mohawk valleys. His great-grandmother, grandfather, grandmother, father, and mother, are buried in this churchyard. On his mother's side he was the great-grandson of Rev. Dr. John Rodgers, one of the early Presbyterian ministers in America, and pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church on Wall street, New York. The building was taken down and re-erected in Jersey City, where it now stands.

But, as this is not a historical discourse, I may briefly say, his was a double inheritance on both sides—the intellectual and spiritual inheritance of a vigorous christian character.

He was born at Nassau, Rensselaer County, New York, October 22d, 1827; graduated at Rutgers College, 1846; studied theology in the New Brunswick Seminary, and was licensed by the Classis of Bergen 1849; the same year was called to the Reformed Church in Blawenburg, N. J., from whence he was called to this church in 1865. Here, as a living epistle of Jesus Christ, he has been "known and read of all men."

So great are the changes wrought by a few years, that it seems proper, now and here, to say, that in coming among this people he displayed many wise and careful qualities, especially in view of the disturbed condition of the church at the end of the war, which has just been brought to a close. At that time, and ever since, his ministry has been pre-eminently marked by a happy and persistent faculty of throwing oil upon the waters. The congregation was united, and its spiritual life was greatly revived. Where the spiritual talent of the members for mutual edification had been very difficult to be awakened, the consistorial weekly prayer meeting, held from house to house, was soon followed by a general prayer meeting, held from house to house, which became a lively and effectual means of grace. The church building which had been enlarged under his predecessor, the laborious and very consistent, Rev. Alexander H. Warner, deceased, was again greatly enlarged and beautified at the expense of the late George Fair, Esq. Accommodation for the Sabbath instruction of the young, and for lectures, followed in the erection of a valuable chapel, and every year

since has been marked by the evidence of a laborious ministry, fully alive to the wants of the times and greatly successful in ingathering of souls.

Why should I here speak of the various series of sermons and lectures delivered by him, from year to year, for the edification of the church and the instruction of the community—of his interest in the public welfare—of his labors among the young, in the special administration of the Sabbath school; or of his attitude toward fellow christians of other names in the direction of christian union. These matters are not to occupy our time, because you know them better than I. But, I will rather refer to what may fitly be spoken of as personal qualities, which lay at the basis of the external superstructure.

And first, he was spiritually minded. That means a great deal. It means that he was moved by the "power of the world to come;" that he walked by faith. He "watched for souls as one that must give account"—he looked for his reward bye and bye—and, though I may say no more, how appropriate to such a life is the ending! We think of Enoch, walking with God; who "was not, for God took him." And we cannot help thinking of Elijah, when we remember the prophet's courage and translation; for, of such men now, as then, we cry, "My father, my father; the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

This firmness and inflexible decision of character is the second trait. I will not enlarge upon it, but every one knows that, peacemaker as he was, it was

useless to argue against his moral convictions and deliberate purpose.

A third quality of Dr. Romeyn has been indicated already. It is his faithfulness. His faithfulness may be illustrated by his study. Everything he did was well thought out, carefully prepared, and delivered with the greatest earnestness and sincerity. It is a mark of a well constructed character to do the best, wherever you put him. Dr. Romeyn was always doing his best; and this explains two things: his shrinking from publicity, because he had a very high ideal of perfection. The man who has an idea of the perfect is always sensible of the imperfect, and this made him shrink from the criticism of the public; and the other trait, explained by his endeavor to do his best, was his desire of suitable recognition. If he had it, so had St. Paul, and the apostle was not ashamed of it.

But, not the study only discloses his fidelity; its proof is to be found in pastoral labors. He might have neglected his evening meetings, his week-day labors outside the village, and his pastoral calls; but, "his witness is in heaven," and "his record is on high," and these also are in your consciences.

The only other trait I will mention is, his generosity. Bye and bye it will be said to him, "I was sick, and ye visited me; naked, and ye clothed me; I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat." He was no lover of money, but ever ready to distribute of his substance; yet, always so that the left hand was not suffered to know what the right hand did.

To his people, gathered here with throbbing hearts,

it will be well to say, you have had the best years of his life; not the inexperience and crudeness of youth, nor manhood's remnants of declining life; but his prime, and strength of body, brain, and heart. If any of you have been liberal in Christ's service, it is well; but he gave himself to you, and that too during the best twenty years of his manhood. He has contributed accommodation to your worship; instruction to your children; wisdom to the administration of your church life—tears for your sorrows; joys to your families, and salvation through grace to your souls. All this you know, and it will awaken the deepest springs of your hearts, as passing around the coffin, you behold the marble lips which so often aroused, instructed, and comforted you; and you look at those cunning fingers, which shall pen no more messages of life; and you survey the palsied hand, which can no longer open to your help.

All these things will hereafter be missed. No doubt God will, in due season, send you another minister, but the individuality of this man will not be replaced. There are points which were his own, and that too, at their best, which have been devoted to the Master through you, and which will be greatly missed. He will be missed by his warm personal friends. Theodore was like his father, James, in the tenacity of his friendships. Large as is this gathering, there are many away who have gone to the other territory. In addition to many from this congregation, there are Ludlow, and Van Vranken, and Gardner, and Stitt, who will not miss him but meet him. But, there are those who will miss the Thanksgiving dinner, sent

quietly to cheer the humble, and to dispel, if only for a day, the shadow of poverty. They will miss the as quietly deposited bank-note, so eloquent of sympathetic and tender affection. The sick chamber will miss him; and the Boards of the Church, and the Sessions of Classis, and the Bible and Missionary treasuries, sustained not only by his individually proportioned gifts, but by his efforts to organize the contributions of the people at large. He will be missed notably at funeral ministrations, where he never failed to speak with tender sympathy. Only on two such occasions have I heard him, but the service was so refreshing, one could not fail to recognize how well spoken was the word to those who mourned.

What shall I say of her, who, from this day, begins to take her solitary journey toward the goal which he has reached before her! I may only say she had already become a proficient in the school of bereavement and personal suffering. She knows where comfort has been obtained in the past, and is to be had in every stormy and cloudy day. By experience, she knows "in whom she has believed;" and while her Saviour has promised always to be near her, her husband will never be considered as far away. Now, for the first, his children will fully know his value; his affection for them; the worth of his services; the strength of his character, and the meaning of his example.

Those who in all these wide relations are thus to miss him, will, of necessity, remember him. But they will remember him as they will wish to remember him. God has ordered it so, that you are not to

think of him in the weakness and decline of years, but in the activities and energy of christian manhood—a manhood marked by the noblest exercise of self-government, by the subjection of his passions, and by the successful resistance of principle to the disorder of a delicately organized temperament. He has come to the end, with the shadow of an expected paralysis forever dispelled, and has returned to his dwelling place, not to linger sadly upon these shores amid the wreck of departed friends and faculties; but, like an eagle on some high mountain crag which has been bathing his vision in the glory of the sun, and pluming his strengthened wing, he has taken his flight and sailed away beyond our vision, to nestle in the bosom of God. Let us follow him. To his people the word of direction is, "Remember them who have rule over you, who have spoken unto you the Word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation. Jesus Christ, is the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

ADDRESS

OF

REV. J. ROMEYN BERRY, D.D.

ADDRESS

OF

REV. J. ROMEYN BERRY, D. D.

THOSE lips, now so cold and still, have proposed beside many a coffin, the inspired question: "What is your life?" But, never did they propound that question with such solemn eloquence as they do to-day, from the depths of that sudden stillness which has just fallen upon them. Never does life seem so mysterious as in the presence of that other mystery of death.

What is your life? What answer shall we get? Of whom shall we ask it?

Shall we ask it of those who study the laws and phenomena of life? They could tell us many wonderful things. But concerning the origin and essential principle of life, the physiologist and anatomist are silent except as they pronounce the name of God.

Shall we ask the busy crowd of worldlings, what is your life? They could tell us much about the life of care, toil, ambition, gain or loss; the everlasting fret and fever of an unsatisfying struggle for perishable good.

Shall we ask the disappointed, the sick, the bereaved, what is your life? They could tell us many a touching story of the weakness, the frailty, the vanity of man at even his best estate. They could point to an occasion like the present and tell of the sun gone down at noon, of the vacant place in the home, and the vacant pastorate in this church; of the almost finished sermon, never to be completed, of those sanctuary doors closed and the services omitted last Sabbath because of these services here to-day; and they might say, look at all these tokens of frailty and sorrow and get the answer for yourselves as to what is human life.

Yes, we do look at all this and we feel it all; but, we are not satisfied. We crave a higher and a better answer to our question, and we have it here to-day. We have it from God's Word. We have it from the experience of a great apostle. We have it from the life and character of our departed brother—from the twenty years of his pastorate here and the other years which preceded it, and this is the answer: "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

That language expresses life in the very highest phase of human experience. It does not define its mysteries, but it describes its glory. It is the noblest practical conception of it which experience ever attained, or imagination depicted. Yet, it is no imagination, no dreamy delusion. It is life in its most real, most earnest, most glorious form; the actual photograph of him who first wrote those words; the description of every true christian according to the proportion of grace; the veritable delineation of the

dear brother, pastor and friend of whom we speak to-day.

How comprehensive that concise phrase, "To live is Christ!" All concentrated, all intensified, all glorified in that one word, Christ! For all that life is from Him and in Him. It is born, not of human flesh or blood, or will, but of God. It is essentially connected with Christ, as the branch with the vine, and the members with the head. It is "hid with Christ in God," beyond the reach of a created arm, or the ken of a created eye.

But, inscrutable and heavenly as that life is, it works mightily in the visible and earthly living of every faithful disciple of Christ. It reproduces His spirit and example. It illumines the understanding, instructs the conscience, commands the faith, affections and will, inspires motives, presents aims, fires the heart, kindles the eye, girds the loins, opens the lips, and consecrates every power and passion to the service and glory of Christ alone.

Such was the inward and outward life of this departed servant of our Lord. In that one "Name above every name" he saw his own hope of salvation. In it he saw the concentration of all God's revealed truth. In that name he saw the call and theme of his ministry, and the only hope of a fallen world. You, who enjoyed his ministry, know that Christ was always supreme in the messages which he brought you. That sermon which he had partially written, and from whose pages he laid aside his pen only to lay himself down to die, was upon Christ, as described in the words, "The chastisement of our peace was

upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed." That chastisement brought the only peace, and those stripes the only healing which he knew for a ruined race.

He was a sincere man, an earnest man, a fearless man; but, all was intensified by his fidelity to Christ. This made him bold to warn and rebuke. He hated sin, and selfishness, and meanness, because he loved the holiness, charity, and magnaminity of Christ. For the sorrowful he had a sympathy as tender as a mother's heart; for the penitent, a forgiveness as warm and free as the sunlight; for the needy, the heart and hand of a good Samaritan; but, all this was not the philanthropy of a mere moralist; everything was vitalized and permeated by the love of Christ.

In his ministry he sought, above all things, the prosperity of his Lord's work. His texts were chosen for this end, his correspondence was full of it, If spirituality lanquished in the church, if conversions were few, his heart was bowed to the dust. But, if the power of the Holy Spirit was manifest, and Christ was glorified, then the joy of the Lord was his strength. Never did I know one more intensely devoted. Compassed with many physical infirmities, a victim of pain, and weakness, and shattered nerves, he pressed on where most men would have lain down. His last letter to me told, as many others had done, how tired, weak and worn out he felt. Yet, he abated no effort, and counted not his life dear unto himself, that he might finish his course with joy and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

Such is a hurried sketch of the life and character of our departed brother, as an illustration of the words, "*For to me, to live is Christ.*"

What did it all avail? Is it all over? Has death ended all? or, is there a further destiny and reward? The response is, "To die is gain!" But, what gain? Surely not the gain of mere dying, nor of death, nor of the cold clay, nor of the dark grave. No! none of these, but of that which is above and beyond all this: the gain of that life into which death ushers the believer. The great truth which rises before us to-day is that which is described in another passage as "the power of an endless life,"—literally, of an *indissoluble* life.

That language was originally used to describe the life of our risen and glorified High Priest and Saviour. But His life is in all his saints, who are to be with Him and like Him forever. Because He lives, we shall live also.

Here then, in this very presence of death, over this unconscious form, is the very place for our faith to triumph in the power of an endless life. Let us not leave this place, dear friends, without catching some glimpses of the splendor of this thought as it shines upon this casket of a servant of God.

"*The power of an endless life!*" Think of it, as a power *to be forever;* existence assured beyond a peradventure or a fear. The present life is composed of manifold incessant *efforts* to live. What a struggle against weakness and pain was that of our departed brother! So, more or less, it is with all. The feebleness of infancy demands the most tender care on the

part of others, and riper years no less care of our own. We need daily food to replenish the vital forces. We build houses, wrap ourselvs in clothing, and kindle fires, to protect us from the cold. We fly to the shade to defend us from the heat. We watch our pathway and step aside from approaching dangers. We spend one-third of our time in slumber. We have physicians and medicines in sickness. And all this, simply to live; to protect and preserve this present frail existence. At best we succeed only a few years. We fail at last. In some way or other the destroyer conquers all. The battle ends in the grave-yard, and death is the victor.

That is the story of the present, the earthly, the mortal life.

From this, look off at the view which rises before us in the upper world. No effort to live—no care, no toil, no danger, no slumber, no hunger nor thirst, no scorching heat nor shivering cold, no sickness, no decay, no old age, no death, no end! Vigor ever fresh, strength unwearied, the eye never dim, the ear never dull; no anxiety about the morrow, or coming years. A thousand years pass along, a million, a thousand millions, still it is endless life, as fresh and buoyant as at the beginning. So on and on as far as thought can reach, and at the farthest point it is always life just begun, with boundless duration beyond—the power, the indissoluble power of an endless life.

How overwhelming to us poor children of the dust is the very thought of such an immortality! No language can describe it, no conception reach it. As one has said,

"It thunders to the thought!"

Think of this endless life also as a *power to achieve.*

In yonder study lies that unfinished sermon—the last effort of a ministry so suddenly cut off. So is it ever in this life of ours. Something always unfinished. So the pen drops from many an author's hand. So, on every side, plans are frustrated, and life, with all its ministries and relations, is cut off when it seems only just begun. The most we accomplish in this world is an attempt and a beginning. Everything is fragmentary and preparative. There is no time to learn much more than the rudiments, or lay more than the foundations.

But, let life become triumphant over all such limitations. Let us have not only time to begin, but unbounded time to carry out the noblest plans and efforts, what may we not then accomplish? What may we not learn when we are learning forever? Who can estimate the growth, progress and achievements of a glorified saint through eternal years? And this ministry so suddenly cut off, who can guess to what higher ministry it has already given place where unwearied energies shall exult in the power of an endless life.

Think, once more, of the power of *enjoyment* which abides in that life.

It were vain to deny that there is much brightness and joy in the present life. There is always the buoyancy of childhood, leaping and shouting in the exuberance of health and freedom from care; always the joy of love, of happy homes and prosperous lives.

But, all this is joy in the progress of a transition or revolution. That childhood glides swiftly away into the toils of manhood and womanhood, and then into the infirmities of old age. Love soon weeps over the death-bed of dear ones. The happy homes soon have funeral services. So, there is always sorrow, as well as always joy; always the decreptitude of age, as well as always the glow of youth. As the earth in its revolution always has somewhere the glow of the morning, and always somewhere the brightness of the noon, so has it also always somewhere the shadows of the evening and the darkness of the midnight. As there is always summer somewhere, so also is there always winter somewhere. These are but symbols of our own existence. Perpetual change and perpetual contrast constitute the pageant of human life.

The highest enjoyment in this world is the joy of a believer in his Lord. But, even this is continually impaired by the conflicting surroundings of frailty and sin.

> "E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
> And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears."

How much of this mingled and contrasted experience fell to the lot of our brother who has just left us! With many blessings and a keen and thankful enjoyment of them, he had also many conflicts and sorrows. What he often endured of physical pain and distress very few ever knew. On the last night of his life, before the attack of paralysis came on, he was in intense agony for several hours. In the midst of it he said to her who was dearest to him, "How

much you and I have suffered!" But, besides such physical sufferings, there were other sorrows and many that he bore; there were conflicts with himself, with his own imperfections, with the infirmities of an inherited nature, all these things gave to him a large share of the contrasted sorrows and joys, smiles and tears of this present frail estate.

But, all these things only set off in sharper contrast the power of an endless life to confer happiness upon the soul. Perfect joy comes not, until we reach the realm where pain pierces not, and sin defiles not, and the curse smites not, and death separates not, when happiness shall be.

"Not the light that leaves us darker,
Nor the gleams that come and go;
Not the mirth whose end is madness,
Not the joy whose fruit is woe;
Not the notes that die at sunset,
Not the fashion of a day;
But the everlasting beauty,
And the endless melody."

These are a few hints of the power to be, to achieve and to enjoy, which abides in an endless life. And we rejoice to-day, that, amid these emblems of mortality and woe, we have "good hope through grace," that this beloved minister of Christ has already entered on the blessedness of the power of that indissoluble life.

During the few moments—scarcely more than a few seconds—which intervened between the first intimation of the attack and the unconsciousness which ensued, he seized his last opportunity to send a per-

sonal message to you, the beloved people of his charge. "Tell my beloved people," said he, "that I had intended to preach to them to-morrow from the text, 'The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed;' but that cannot be. Tell them to remember the last text from which I preached to them. Tell them that I have come down from the mountains and now I go up into the mount of God." That message I bring to you from his dying lips. It is the last utterance you shall receive from him until you meet him face to face in the Church above. You know not, dear friends, how sincerely he loved you, and how deep an interest he felt in your spiritual welfare. You have heard his sincere an faithful appeals, let them be neither forgotten nor disregarded. You have known the tender sympathy of his soul in your sorrows, and the kind words of comfort and hope with which he soothed and sustained your wounded hearts. How sacred the privilege you have of repaying his sympathy and comfort by your kindnesses in that home which is now in such deep affliction because he has been taken from it. He has gone to meet many a former parishioner in the heavenly rest. Many of you will follow on. Oh, let it be so that every one of you shall be his joy and crown of rejoicing in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming.

Dear members of the Sabbath-school: You never had, and you never will have on earth, a truer friend than the pastor who has now gone to be with Jesus. At the recent twentieth anniversary of his ministry you kindly and considerately gave special expression

of your love and gratitude to him. Perhaps you little knew how much happiness that evening gave him. He wrote to me about it, and sent me a copy of the published account of the proceedings. You then adorned this church with symbols of joy: Little did you expect that so soon it would be draped in these symbols of woe. Your floral symbol then was a crown to be worn by the faithful unto death: Little did you suppose that so soon the real crown would rest upon his brow, and that your floral crown to-day would indicate a crown already won. How delightful if that crown at last shall be full of the jewels of your souls saved through his faithful labors and prayers!

The interest which he felt in you was a deep and constant interest, not only when present with you but also when absent. You remember that during his recent vacation he sent a message of his love to you by a minister who was to preach in this place. Oh, let not his many messages of faithful love fail of doing lasting good to every one of you.

Last evening one of your number (not present to-day) asked to look upon his face once more, and as she looked she wept, and said, "Oh, if I had only heeded what he said when he so often asked me to give my heart to Christ; but now, it is too late!" Yes, too late to receive his help and kindness any more; but not too late for Christ, who ever lives to save all who come to Him; not too late to prepare to meet your pastor with joy in the presence of Jesus.

There is a large circle of relatives sorely stricken and bereft in this affliction. Alas! how often stricken,

and especially in recent times! Only forty days ago, the last member of the former generation, the uncle whose name this departed nephew bore, and whose birth and early life had been in this town and in its former parsonage, was carried to the grave. And how often the stroke has recently fallen upon her who to-day is the most sorely stricken of all, you well know. But, dear kindred and friends, in all these things we are still more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. We have a large and precious representation—a very host among the glorified. Let this thought animate and cheer us as we press on to join them in

"Those halls of Zion
Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng."

Our dear kinsman and friend here has anticipated us in that joy. Let us congratulate him on the grace that has been bestowed on him. He desired to die in the harness. His desire was gratified. He especially dreaded to linger out a wrecked and feeble existence. In the midst of his work, he lay down and fell asleep as quickly and sweetly as a weary child. He was faithful unto death—he has won the Crown of Life!

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ:
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy!"

The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear;
A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
He fell, but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field;
A veteran, slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade
Of heavenly temper keen,
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between.

'Twas death to sin, 'twas life
To all who mourned their sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

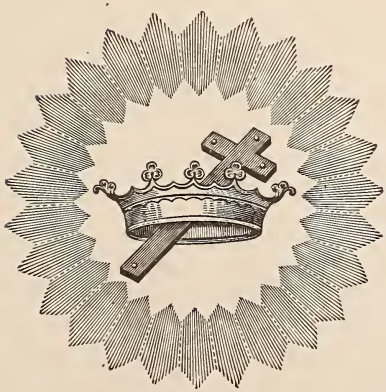
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet, all his trophies—all his spoils
He hung upon the Cross.

At midnight came the cry:
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke, he caught his Captain's eye,
Then, strong in faith and prayer,—

His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darkened ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labor and sorrow cease;
And, life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.

"Soldier of Christ, well done!
Praise be thy new employ;
And, while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy."



Tributes of the Press
and
Memorial Resolutions.

From the Hackensack Republican.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1885.

DEATH OF DR. ROMEYN.

Dying suddenly at home, a few hours after his return.

THIS community was shocked on Saturday morning by the announcement that Rev. Dr. Romeyn, so long pastor of the First Reformed church, had been stricken with paralysis during the night and was in a critical condition. While everybody was deploring the occurrence and speculating upon the probable result, the sufferer was slowly passing away, and before ten o'clock it was generally known in the southern part of the town that Dr. Romeyn was dead.

It is a long time since any event has so profoundly stirred our town as this sudden removal of a well-known citizen. Dr. Romeyn had just ended his summer vacation, having returned from the Catskills on Friday afternoon, and was announced in these columns to preach to his people last Sunday. In the early evening of Friday, while passing along Main street he exchanged greetings with many friends, expressing pleasure at his return home.

Dr. Romeyn retired as usual that evening, but about midnight complained of great pain, which he then attributed to his kidneys. He grew worse, and finally became fully impressed with the gravity of his condition—he felt that the malady which had stricken so many of his family, and which he often expected, had laid its hand upon him. At an early hour Dr. St. John, the family physician, was summoned. The

patient was then rapidly losing consciousness, which soon overcame him, and he did not speak again. His last words were these, a message to his church:

"Tell my beloved people that I intended to preach to them to-morrow from the text, 'The chastisement of our peace was upon Him, and with His stripes we are healed;' but that will not be. Tell them to remember the last text from which I preached to them. Tell them that I have come down from the mountains, to go up to the mount of God."

At this point his voice failed, and he spoke no more.

On account of his representative position as pastor of the largest church in town, his wide circle of acquaintances and friends, and the warm regard in which he was held, not only by the members of his own congregation, but by the citizens at large, Dr. Romeyn's death was felt as a personal bereavement, as a great loss to the community and to the Church of which he was so conspicuous a member. It was such a shock as must always follow the sudden passing away of a scholarly, earnest, active, industrious, conscientious, faithful minister who for thirty-six years has made the gospel of "Jesus Christ and Him crucified," in all its purity, the subject of his preaching. If he condemned sin and error with all his vigor, the healing balm of God's undying love and saving power was the antidote he loved to offer. Dr. Romeyn was an earnest preacher, and his sermons were so marked by a scholarly finish, a clear and fearless exposition of the Word—often by tender pathos—by ringing denunciation of evils that threatened the Church, the government, or society—that he rarely failed to hold his hearers in close attention.

Theodore B. Romeyn belonged to a family of ministers. He was reared in the Dutch Reformed Church, and was connected by blood and marriage with many who were conspicuous in the ministry of that denomination. He was fourth of the name of Romeyn who have filled the pulpit of the Old Church on the Green. He was born in Rensselaer County, New York, October 22d, 1827, and was in his fifty-eighth year when he died. He was the second son of Rev. James Romeyn, D.D. He graduated at Rutgers College in the class of 1846, and pursued his theological studies at the Seminary at New Brunswick, where he graduated in 1849. He was immediately called to the church at Blawenburg, Somerset County, N. J., and remained there till 1865, a period of nearly

sixteen years, when he received a call to the First Reformed Church at Hackensack, where he has remained till this time. So that his ministry of thirty-six years has been spent in only two places. His wife survives him, and an only son James A. Romeyn, a lawyer practicing at Jersey City.

The Romeyn family have long been conspicuous in the Reformed Church. Dr. Theodoric Romeyn, a man of great force of character and an ardent patriot during the Revolutionary war, was pastor of this church for ten years from 1775 to 1784. His nephew, Rev. James V. C. Romeyn, (grandfather of the late Dr. Romeyn,) served a long ministry in this church, commencing in 1799 and terminating in 1834. He died in 1840, aged 75 years, and is buried in the old graveyard around the the church. His ministry extended over a stormy and troublesome time in the history of the denomination, connected with the memorable secession of a portion of its ministry, but he met the trials and difficulties of his position with great firmness and success. He was a notable man in his day.

His son, Rev. James Romeyn, succeeded him in 1833, but remained in the pastorate of the church only about four years. He was a man of great literary attainments and a most eloquent and fervid speaker. He also is buried in the old graveyard.

Since the accession of Theodore B. Romeyn to the pastorate of the church, in 1865, there has been great progress in temporal and spiritual matters. The church edifice has been enlarged and improved, and a vast amount of pastoral work has been carried on with great success. In June last the congregation celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his pastorate, on which occasion we said editorially:

"We join in extending congratulations to Rev. Dr. Theodore B. Romeyn, upon the completion of twenty years of service as pastor of 'the Old Church on the Green' (First Reformed) at Hackensack. In these changeful times, when so many elements of discord disturb church councils and tend to shorten the pastorate of faithful servants, it is certainly gratifying that our own community presents more than one example of congregational unity. As pastor, neighbor, and citizen, Dr. Romeyn's record will stand the broad test of honest criticism. His services to the Church have not been attended with sensational workings or results, but the fruit of his labor has been as gratifying as its effect upon the community will be enduring for good. A gentleman of culture

and fine scholarly attainments, his aim, to our view, has been always to carry the standard of his calling above the atmosphere of modern doubt and cant into the bright sunlight of truth and sincerity of his Master. Such a character is a safe guide, and in marking their appreciation of the man and his work, his people have given emphatic proof of devotion to faithfulness and a pure gospel."

Although Dr. Romeyn was punctual in the discharge of his onerous duties of his large field of labor, he found time for occasional literary work outside. The initials "T. B. R." were frequently seen in the columns of the Christian Intelligencer. He compiled the well-known history of the First Church, a most thorough and correct work. Dr. Romeyn was selected to preach one of a series of centennial sermons in 1876, afterward published by the Reformed Church. He was also prominent in the management of Rutgers College.

Rev. Dr. Romeyn was buried Tuesday afternoon. The initial service was held at the parsonage, where the visiting clergymen and near friends of the family were gathered. The remains were lying in the rear parlor in a casket covered with black broadcloth. A silver plate on the lid bore the inscription:

Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D.
Died August 29th, 1885.
Aged 57 years, 10 months, 7 days.

At the head of the coffin was a floral pillow bearing the word "Father;" at the foot a crown surmounted by a cross, from the Sunday school; and beside the coffin a broken column, the contributor of which was not named. The face of the dead pastor had a very natural appearance. At the church a beautiful floral pillow was received from the Third Reformed (German) church.

Among the ministers who were at the parsonage were Rev. Drs. J. Romeyn Berry, W. J. R. Taylor, and Rev. F. N. Zabriskie, D. D., cousins of the deceased; Prof. Mabon of the Theological Seminary; Rev. Dr. Crispell of Spring Valley, N. Y.; Rev. Dr. Van Cleef of Jersey City; Rev. Dr. Gordon, and Rev. Dr. Easton, of New Brunswick; Dean Holly of Christ Church, Hackensack; Rev. Messrs. Gœbel, McCowan, Gutteridge, and Harrison of Hackensack; Rev. Mr. Brooks of Arcola; Rev. W. M. Johnston, formerly of Hackensack, and most of the members of the Classis of Bergen, whose names we could not learn.

The services at the house were simple but impressive, consisting of the singing of the hymn "Asleep in Jesus," (No. 78 of the church hymn book,) by a quartet composed of Misses Grettie Demarest and Lizzie Westervelt, R. L. Drummond and A. S. D. Demarest; following which was a prayer by Rev. Dr. Easton. After this the casket was closed and the solemn procession moved to the church, the officiating clergymen first, followed by members of the Classis and other clergymen, and the immediate friends. The pall-bearers were Elders Garret Oldis, W. E. Skinner, W. S Harris; Deacons James Terhune, John E. Post, W. Brewster, and Messrs. C. P. Hull and C. H. Amerman.

As they entered the church, Rev. Dr. Berry read sentences from the burial service and Organist Williams played a solemn requiem. The church was densely crowded in every space, the Sunday school occupying seats on the east side and left of the east centre aisle. The clergymen were seated to the right of the pulpit and the mourners in the front centre seats, the floral offerings being placed upon the casket and the communion table. The pulpit and tables and the front of the pulpit alcove were heavily draped with black cloth and crape, and similar emblems of mourning were arranged over the front door.

Rev. F. N. Zabriskie, D. D., read from I Corinthians, 15th chapter, commencing at the 35th verse, after which Prof. Mabon spoke for thirty minutes, dwelling with fervent earnestness upon the faithful and free labor of deceased for so many years; the physical infirmities under which he struggled but which were discredited by some; his many wise and excellent qualities, that enabled him to carry his church safely through the troublesome days following the war; his interest in the public welfare, and his great love for children; his firmness and inflexible decision of character; his generosity, that prompted him to distribute of his substance, but so quietly that the right hand knew not what the left hand did. "This church," said the speaker, "has had the best twenty years of his manhood. God will send you another minister, but the individuality of this man will be missed." He would be missed by the Church, by the poor, and by the many Church societies that have benefited by his efforts in their behalf.

Rev. Dr. J. Romeyn Berry followed in an address, paying a just tribute to the sincere, earnest and fearless character of deceased, whose sympathy with the afflicted and forgiveness of the penitent were as warm and free as the sunlight. All his powers, all his feelings were

vitalized by his love for Christ. Though the victim of pain and weakness that would have stopped most men, he still pressed on, yet often saying, "Oh, I am so tired;" and in the early part of that last night he said to his wife, "Oh, how much you and I have suffered!"

Rev. Dr. P. D. Van Cleef read Hymn No. 266, "Servant of God, well done," which was sung by the quartet and congregation. During the singing the sunlight streamed in through an open window and rested upon the beautiful white flowers, creating a startling contrast to the surrounding emblems of sorrow.

The services closed with prayer by Rev. Dr. Taylor. The vast congregation then filed around the casket and gazed for the last time upon the face of the dead. As the casket was borne from the church the solemn notes of the organ were again heard, aud the people stood about the open grave with tear-dimmed eyes as the bearers approached with their precious burden. Here Rev. Mr. Van Buskirk read the burial service, the quartet sang "Peacefully Sleep," Rev. Dr. Gordon pronounced the benediction, and the remains of Theodore Bayard Romeyn, the friend of humanity, the faithful servant of God, were at rest in the silent tomb beside his fathers.

To the above may be added the following beautiful and touching feature of the burial, viz.: A number of young girls, dressed in white, connected with the Sunday-school, and who had taken a prominent part in the recent anniversary exercises, so complimentary and pleasing to their pastor, stood at the head of the grave, and after the casket had been lowered to its resting place, they covered it with white flowers, after which the following lines were sweetly sung:

Peacefully lay him down to rest,
Place the turf kindly on his breast;
Sweet is the slumber beneath the sod,
While the pure soul is resting with God.

Peacefully sleep,
Peacefully sleep;
Sleep 'till that morning,
Peacefully sleep.

Quietly sleep, beloved one;
Rest from thy toil—thy labor is done;
Rest 'till the trump from the opening skies,
Bid thee from dust to glory arise.

Peacefully sleep,
Peacefully sleep;
Sleep 'till that morning,
Peacefully sleep.

THE SHEPHERD'S REST.

THEODORE BAYARD ROMEYN.

Down from his earthly mountain-rest he came,
To lead once more his waiting, longing sheep;
The upland breezes called the shepherd's name:
He came again to keep.

'Twas not to be. The Master Shepherd's voice
Came ringing sweet-toned down the heights supernal:
"Now come, thou Faithful One! Come, and rejoice
Thy rest shall be eternal!"

No mortal hand the course divine can stop:
God's angels bear him up the lighted steep,
And on Eternity's bright mountain-top
The Shepherd falls asleep.

—Belle Benton.

IN MEMORIAM.

In the early flush of dawn,
Ere the crystal dew was gone,
Ere the birds within their nests had begun to stir and sing,
To His servant where he lay
At the threshold of the day,
Came an angel, bearing swiftly, a message from the King.

"Come up higher," was the word,
"To the presence of the Lord!
Leave the work thy hands have wrought, leave thy mantle to another;
Enter on the eternal rest,
Meet the Friend who loves thee best,
Fear not, He who calleth thee, Saviour is, and Elder Brother."

Calmly, peacefully, he smiled,
Just as when a happy child,
Hears the summons from his home, hastens joyful to obey:
Clear before the steadfast eyes
Rose the hills of Paradise,
And he could not but be cheerful, going home at last to stay.

Past the watching and the tears,
Past the hurrying drift of years,
Past the tumult and the strife, and the parting and the pain;
All the trouble left behind,
Henceforth only bliss to find;—
Surely death to one in Christ, is an everlasting gain.

So the last sleep left its trace
Softly on the quiet face,
And the peace of God was on it, as we passed to say farewell.
Cross and crown were lying there,
As we lifted psalm and prayer
Unto Him who called the dear one, for "He doeth all things well."

Crept the shadow through the pane,
Then the sunshine came again,
And the shadow on the cross darkened all the clustered flowers,
But the sunbeams touched the crown—
He had laid the life-cross down;
Palm and crown, and robes of white, his through heaven's immortal hours.

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

ACTION OF THE

FIRST REFORMED CHURCH, OF HACKENSACK, N. J.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the Consistory of the First Reformed Church of Hackensack, N. J., held on Saturday, September 5th, 1885, the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., pastor of the First Reformed Church of Hackensack, N. J., died very suddenly at his late residence, on the morning of Saturday, August 29th, A. D., 1885, therefore, by the Consistory of the Church, thus called to mourn,

Be it Resolved, That in the very sudden death of him who for more than twenty years has been the pastor of our church and the chairman of our body, we hear the solemn warning of the Master, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh."

And be it Resolved, That, although as children of our Heavenly Father, who has seen fit to call his servant home, we bow in humble submission to His will, yet we can never forget the active and earnest part our pastor took in the transaction of the business of this Consistory, his zeal for the welfare of this church, and the fervent prayers for it and for us which we have heard him present before the Throne of Grace.

And be it Resolved, That, while we deeply feel the loss which we, as a Consistory, have sustained by the dispensation of Providence, knowing full well that never again can we take counsel with him who was our leader here, we cannot but remember that others grieve: the wife, who shared his work and his success among our people, his sorrows

and his joys, his fears and his hopes, is a widow to-day; an affectionate son mourns a kind father, relatives and friends are stricken with sudden and deep sorrow, the children of our Sabbath-school have lost a friend who took the liveliest interest in their welfare, our congregation has been bereft of a pastor endeared to us by his ministrations in public and in private, the Church on the Green, which for two centuries has witnessed from Sabbath to Sabbath the assembling of God's people, is draped in mourning and sadly tells the worshipers there that they have lost yet another faithful and fearless preacher of the Word, the State has lost one of its best citizens, the Church has lost an able theologian, a learned Divine, an ambassador from God, a minister of Christ, and a prince in Israel has fallen.

And be it Resolved, That, having been acquainted with Dr. Romeyn for many years, and having seen him in public and in private, in the councils of the church, in the pulpit, in the lecture-room, in the prayer-meeting, in the Sabbath-school, at the marriage supper, in the chamber of the sick, at the burial of the dead, at the administration of the sacraments of our church, at his own home, at our homes, and at the homes of others, in trouble and in sorrow, in peace and in joy, at work and at rest, we knew him well, and that now, having laid his body in the grave, we have an abiding faith that his spirit made perfect in holiness has passed from death to life, from earth to heaven.

And be it Resolved, That in heartfelt sorrow we sympathize sincerely with the family so greatly bereaved, commending them to the goodness and mercy of Him who doeth all things well, who is the God of all consolation, who hath begotten us again to a lively hope, and who forsaketh not His saints.

And be it Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes, and that to such entry each member of this consistory subscribe his name, and that an engrossed copy thereof, attested by the chairman and clerk, be presented to the family of our deceased pastor.

William E. Skinner,
Jas. Terhune,
} Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove by sudden death our beloved pastor, Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D.,

AND WHEREAS, We, the officers, teachers and scholars of the Sabbath-school of the First Reformed Church of Hackensack, N. J., over which his fidelity was so apparent, desire to place on record our appreciation of the moral worth and high christian character of our late pastor;

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, That, while we bow in humble submission to the will of Almighty God in this afflictive dispensation of His Providence, yet, we cannot but feel that a void has been created in this Sabbath-school, which will long remain as an evidence of the strong affection existing between the pastor and the children and the youth of the flock.

RESOLVED, That this Sabbath-school, in the death of Dr. Romeyn, loses one whose self-sacrificing faithfulness was so plainly seen, that every member thereof will ever hold his name in most affectionate remembrance, and cherish his memory as a loving pastor, a kind teacher, and a christian gentleman.

RESOLVED, That as a pastor and a friend, our loss in the death of Dr. Romeyn is indeed a painful bereavement, and we shall ever remember those twenty years of pastoral service, during which he unwaveringly held up the cross of Christ, earnestly urging all to repent, assuring them that unto the faithful would be awarded a crown of life.

RESOLVED, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family in this irreparable loss, and humbly pray that God, with His overshadowing protection, may ever comfort and support.

RESOLVED, That these Resolutions be entered upon the Minutes of the Sabbath-school Record, and a copy, suitably engrossed, be sent to the family of our late pastor.

MILTON DEMAREST,
Superintendent.

ACTION OF THE

REFORMED CHURCH OF BLAWENBURG, N. J.

The following appeared in "The Unionist Gazette," Somerville, N. J., September 10th, 1885.

DR. ROMEYN'S CHURCH.

The death of Rev. T. B. Romeyn, D. D , late of Hackensack, N. J., is felt as a personal sorrow by many persons of Blawenburg Church. As the pastor of that church from 1849 to 1865, he was successful and beloved, and his memory is tenderly cherished. On Sabbath last the pulpit was draped, and extended reference was made to his character and services by the present pastor. The following resolutions were adopted by the Consistory:

Resolved, That we have heard with sincere sorrow of the sudden and unexpected departure from this life, of Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., who for fifteen years previous to his call to the church of Hackensack, in 1865, was the faithful and beloved pastor of this church.

Resolved, That we make devout recognition of the Sovereign Head of the Church in this mystery of His Providence, whereby one is called away in the midst of his usefulness, and that we lay to our hearts the admonition so solemnly given.

Resolved, That we place on record our profound and grateful recognition of the gifts and graces of Dr. Romeyn as a christian man and minister of Jesus Christ; of his zeal and faithfulness in every relation of the pastoral office; of his true manhood. as well as sympathy and tender-

ness in the discharge of every duty; of his eminent usefulness in this field during his service here: a service which causes his memory to be tenderly cherished, and has left an impress upon the life of the Church, which cannot but abide many years.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and family, so suddenly bereaved, our heartfelt sympathy and prayers, in their affliction; and that a copy of these Resolutions be sent to them, and that they be published in the county papers and *Christian Intelligencer*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CLASSIS OF BERGEN.

Adopted September 14, 1885.

The Committee appointed to draft a suitable resolution in regard to the death of the Reverend Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., presented the following, which was accepted and adopted :

God reigns! This is our faith and our consolation—were it otherwise, we would fall into despair.

At our last regular meeting, we recorded our sorrow for the loss of our co-presbyter the Rev. Leopold Mohn, D. D.; at the same time, we expressed our appreciation of his labors, and our happy belief that he had entered into rest, and the enjoyment of his reward. To-day we mourn that another distinguished co-laborer, the Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., Pastor of the First Reformed Church of Hackensack, has taken his departure. From these swift events, there comes a voice, saying, to each one of us: "Work while the day lasts;" "Be ye also ready!"

In the death of Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., the Classis of Bergen loses one of its most conspicuous and useful members. For twenty years he has labored within its bounds. He was wise in counsel, strong in the faith, and intense in his love for the Master. He impressed his personality upon his fellow-members. His devotion, rising to enthusiasm, in the Church of which he was Pastor, made him a successful leader in every Christian and Missionary enterprise. He was graciously permitted to gather much precious fruit, and to plant the seeds which will produce rich harvests in the future. Faithful in his own sphere of labor, his large nature compelled him to look abroad and to realize, that, "the field is the world." By teaching and example, he sustained

the interest of his people in the cause of Foreign Missions, so that they recognized the last commission of our Lord as addressed to themselves. A gentleman, honorable, and regardful of the claims of others, yet he never failed to speak in terms of righteous indignation against all that savored of meanness, pretension, cowardice, or hypocrisy. His heart was deep, and filled with the crystal waters of life. Our sincere sympathies are with his family, so sorely stricken, and his church, so suddenly and sorely bereaved. May God fulfill, in their experience, His precious promises, and give to them the assurance, that those for whom Christ died are the people of His choice, and the sheep of His fold.

J. Howard Suydam.

P. V. Van Buskirk.

Elder Thos. M. Ward.

Committee.

MINUTE

ADOPTED BY

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE following Minute in regard to the death of the Rev. T. B. Romeyn, D. D., was adopted by the Executive Committee of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Church, September 16th, 1885:

The Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., has been a member of this Board since 1872, when he was appointed by the General Synod. Ever faithful to and intelligently interested in the work of the Board and devoted to the Kingdom of Christ; spiritually minded, liberal, and full of faith; ardent, yet wise in counsel,—these qualities, while they have greatly endeared him to his associates, have also served to strengthen and encourage them, especially in those times of darkness and discouragement through which they have so often passed together.

To them his sudden departure, on the 29th of August last, comes as a shock and sore bereavement. They desire to place on record their abiding sense of his great worth and their own loss.

We gratefully praise God for giving us so long the full benefit of his counsels and example, and even for the time and manner of his decease, which seems little less than a translation. To his bereaved family and the Church to which he ministered so long and faithfully, we extend the assurance of our heartfelt Christian sympathy and our prayers in their behalf.

A true copy.

HENRY N. COBB,

Corresponding Secretary.

Rev. T. B. ROMEYN, D.D.

The Pastor's Association, on Monday last, adopted the following Minute:

The call of God upon our brother, Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, recently and suddenly made, to leave the land of the dying for that of the living, is an event of great significance to those of his immediate associates in the Gospel ministry. Death, coming to him in the way it did, staggers us by the rudeness of a shock for which we had been prepared not at all. We knew him long, and knew him well. From the first to the last day of his ministry the earnestness of his purpose was expounded by the faithfulness of its execution in the Lord's work. Much has been said, and well said, in reference to his private and public life; showing that, humanly speaking, no community can afford to lose such a man as he; especially in times when faithfulness to the Gospel is especially needed to counteract adverse influences from sources whence the contrary should come. But the Lord reigns, and to His holy will and infinite wisdom we bow without a murmur, and yet beseeching that He will give us other such standard-bearers, who shall encourage us by loyal service to the Master. Everyone can use the suggestive utterance of David in regard to this sad event: "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it."

This affliction, nevertheless and naturally, extorts from our sense of bereavement expressions of regret as well as of sorrow because we shall see his face no more. It is a matter of thankfulness that while called to encounter death he was not called to endure protracted bodily suffering; and it may be a matter of great mercy that he was taken from evil to come, of which we have strong intimations in the aspect of things. Certainly to him it is a matter of joy ineffable, "to be with Christ, which is far better."

Our prayer is, that their great sorrow may be attended with the full realization of the Divine promises to his widow and her only son; that this bereavement may be made to issue in abundant blessing to the church to which our departed brother ministered for a score of years, and that to each of us it may be an effective admonition to believe with all the energies of the new nature given us, and to work with all the promptness that should arise from the blessedness of the service in which we are engaged. Thank God, that the night is far spent, the day is at hand, and our salvation nearer than when we believed. Our Saviour said, "Because I live, ye shall live also." This is not only assurance for the immortality of the soul, but of her ineffable glory as well at that day when He shall change the body of our humiliation that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and when we shall realize the meaning of the promise with our departed brother, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in My throne, even as I also overcame and am set down with my Father on His throne."

Resolved, That this paper be published in the *Christian Intelligencer*, that a copy be sent to the family, and that it be recorded on our Minutes.

W. R. Gordon,
Chairman.

EDITORIAL IN THE CHRISTIAN INTELLIGENCER,

Sept. 2, 1885.

A MEMORIAL.

Rev. Theodore B. Romeyn, D. D., pastor of the First Church of Hackensack, N. J., was stricken with paralysis at five o'clock on last Saturday morning, and in four hours was dead. As the fact passed from one to another on Saturday it proved a severe shock, and the occasion of profound sorrow. By the event the Church is deprived of the services of one of its most faithful, earnest and successful pastors. He loved the Church heartily and without reserve, and was devoted to the promotion of its interests. The Church at large loses one who declared the truth with superior clearness and power, and commended it by his life.

Distrust of his own ability and a reluctance to even seem to seek notoriety—traits often accompanying superior character, ability and attainments—led him to decline invitations to perform services affording opportunities to win popular favor. He preferred his own pulpit and work among his own people. There he was at home, and there he was a fearless, faithful, fervid and often eloquent preacher, a generous and sympathetic pastor and friend, wise in the conduct of affairs, and an example of the graces and virtues he commended in his words. He was all this in a degree seldom attained. He was also one of the most candid of men. What he thought and believed he said, but without discourtesy, for he was every inch a gentleman of refined taste and generous feeling. He was by nature impulsive, but time and the responsibilities of a large pastoral charge and a constant growth in grace chastened this to what

became unusual quickness in forming and declaring an opinion. Yet, as we think of him to-day, we recall with pleasure the flashes of opinion which often shot from his lips, on men, theories, policies, deeds. Among friends he trusted he was as outspoken as a child, and in his own house, and especially in his own study, was a delightful companion, bright, original, genial and full of food for thought.

The readers of the Intelligencer who recall the paragraphs signed T. B. R., and the terse, luminous and often picturesque sentences they included, can readily imagine with what forcible, graphic and beautiful words he presented the truth from the pulpit. His words will live in the memories of his hearers. He uttered many memorable sentences.

Above all excellences rises the fact that our dear friend was a genuine Christian. He leaves with us and with all who knew him the recollection of a life of conscientious piety. For years Dr. Romeyn has been an example of godly living. The record of his days is singularly free from the infirmities which mar the beauty of many Christian lives.

During the twenty years of his pastorate at Hackensack, the First Church has become one of the most useful in the denomination. Christian activity and benevolence have been increased many fold, not only by the influence of the instructions and exhortations of the pastor, but by the power of his example. He has led the congregation, while he has been nobly sustained by it.

Dr. Romeyn was in his 58th year. He was the son of James Romeyn, D. D., whose fame a few years ago was in all the churches, who was the son of the Rev. James Van Campen Romeyn, a trustee of Rutgers College and a notable minister; who was the son of the Rev. Thomas Romeyn, who studied under Goetschius and T. Frelinghuysen, sailed for Europe in April, 1852, and was licensed to preach by the Classis of Amsterdam, Holland, in September of the same year. He was born and educated in the Reformed Church, graduating from Rutgers College in 1846, and from the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick in 1849. Soon after leaving the Seminary he was installed at Blawenburg, N. J., where he remained until 1865, when he accepted a call from the First Church of Hackensack, of which his father and grandfather had been pastors.

Dr. Romeyn has frequently contributed to these columns, and of his sermons there have been published an historical discourse delivered in 1870 upon the re-opening and re-dedication of the church in Hacken-

sack after an enlargement of the building, and a centennial historical sermon delivered in 1872 upon the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the church, and a discourse delivered in 1876 on "The Adaptation of the Reformed Church in America to the American Character," included in the "Centennial Discourses."

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